

Classified Ads

FOR SALE

FIRST-CLASS TRACTOR Plow, large or small tracts; call or Pulley Bros., American Fork, R. F. D. 145; Phone 119-J-2. 19-4t-p

Wanted—Will buy a modern home of 6 or 8 rooms. Must be well located and a bargain. Address A. R. Carey, Office. 2-1t

FAIR YOUNG HORSES For sale. Weight, 1300 lbs. each. Phone 119-J-2. 2-2t

SELL—14 acres of choice land, 18 shares of water; 2 1/2 miles from American Fork, on Alpine road, for \$1500.00 on easy terms. Rent for cash or percentage of crops. Write or phone, F. L. Hickman, Provo. 26-1t

HERE'S A CHEAP LITTLE HOME for sale—Two room frame house, with summer kitchen, chicken coop, etc., and small orchard; lot 1/4 acre. Four blocks from Main St., third ward. \$750 takes it. Inquire at Alpine Pub. Co. office. 18-1t

TO TRADE OR SELL—We have a nice vacant corner in Salt Lake, on East and 4th South—5x3 rods—which we will sell or trade for property in American Fork, or Utah country. Call at Alpine Pub. Co. office or phone 25. 18-1t

MISCELLANEOUS
WANTED—Eggs, poultry. Highest cash prices. Will call promptly. Martin Peterson, Pleasant Grove. Phone 70-W. 26-1t

MARRY IF LONELY; FOR RESULTS, try me; best and most successful "Home Maker"; hundreds rich wish marriage soon; strictly confidential; most reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club", Mrs. Ball, Box 556, Oakland, California. 2-2t-pd

WHY NOT SELL Your poultry and eggs to J. V. Johnson. Phone 46-R-3, Pleasant Grove. A. 16-p.

PILES. Fissure and other Rectal diseases cured by non-surgical methods. No time lost from business. Write for my booklet on Rectal diseases free. —I. R. Parsons, M. D. 411, Continental Bank Building, Salt Lake City. 25-1t

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of the American Fork Citizen, published weekly at American Fork, Utah, for April, 1921.

State of Utah, County of Utah, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared L. W. Galsford, who having been duly sworn according to law, disposes and says that he is the Owner of the American Fork Citizen and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1—That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager is:

Publisher — L. W. Galsford, of American Fork, Utah.
Editor — L. W. Galsford, American Fork.

2—That the owner is: L. W. Galsford.

3 — That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

L. W. Galsford, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1921.

(Seal) H. C. Johnson,
My commission expires 25th day of August, 1923.

OUR PRINTING HAMMERMILL BOND Will Sell Your Goods

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

He rose and stood with his back to them by the fire, and for several minutes no one spoke. Each man was busy with his own thoughts, and showed it in his own particular way. Comte de Guy stared unconcernedly at the fire, as if indifferent to the result of their thoughts. In his attitude at that moment he gave a true expression to his attitude on life. Accustomed to play with great stakes, he had just dealt the cards for the most gigantic gamble of his life. . . . What matter to the three men, who were looking at the hands he had given them, that only a master criminal could have conceived such a game? The only question which occupied their minds was whether he could carry it through. And on that point they had only their judgment of his personality to rely on. Suddenly the American removed the toothpick from his mouth and stretched out his legs. "There is a question which occurs to me, Count, before I make up my mind on the matter. Are you disposed to be a little more communicative about yourself? If we agree to come in on this hand, it's going to cost big money. The handling of that money is with you. Wal—who are you?" Von Gratz nodded his head in agreement. Steineemann raised his eyes to the Count's face as he turned and faced them. . . . "A very fair question, gentlemen, and yet one which I regret I am unable to answer. I would not insult your intelligence by giving you the fictitious address of a fictitious Count. Enough that I am a man whose livelihood lies in other people's pockets. As you say, Mr. Hocking, it is going to cost big money; but compared to the results the costs will be a flea-bite. You will have to trust me, even as I shall have to trust you. . . . You will have to trust me not to divert the money which you give me as working expenses into my own pocket. . . . I shall have to trust you to pay me when the job is finished. . . . "And that payment will be—how much?" Steineemann's guttural voice broke the silence. "One million pounds sterling—to be split up between you in any proportion you may decide, and to be paid within one month of completion of my work. After that the matter will pass into your hands. . . . and may you leave that cursed country groveling in the dirt. . . . His eyes glowed with a fierce, vindictive fury; and then, as if replacing a mask which had slipped for a moment, the Count was once again the suave, courteous host. He had stated his terms frankly and without haggling; stated them as one big man states them to another of the same kind, to whom time is money and indecision or beating about the bush anathema. "Perhaps, Count, you would be good enough to leave us for a few minutes." Von Gratz was speaking. "The decision is a big one, and . . . " "Why, certainly, gentlemen." The Count moved toward the door. "I will return in ten minutes. By that time you will have decided—one way or the other."



"I Will Return in Ten Minutes. By That Time You Will Have Decided One Way or the Other."

Genius that he was in the reading of men's minds, he felt that he knew the result of that ten minutes deliberation. . . . And then . . . What then? . . . In his imagination he saw himself supreme in power, gluttoned with it—a king, an autocrat, who had only to lift his finger to plunge his kingdom into destruction and annihilation. . . . And when he had done it, and the country he hated was in ruins, then he would claim his million and enjoy it as a great man should enjoy a great reward. . . . Thus for the space of ten minutes did the Count see visions and dream dreams. That the force he proposed to tamper with was a dangerous force disturbed him not at all: he was a dangerous man. That this scheme would bring ruin, perhaps death, to thousands of innocent men and women caused him no qualms: he was a supreme egoist. All that appealed to him was that he had seen the opportunity that existed, and that he had the nerve and the brain to turn that opportunity to his own advantage. Only the necessary money was lacking. . . . and . . . With a quick movement he pulled out his watch. They had had their ten minutes. . . . The matter was settled, the die was cast. . . . He rose and walked across the lounge. For an appreciable moment the Count paused by the door, and a faint smile came to his lips. Then he opened it, and passed into the room. The American was still chewing his toothpick; Steineemann was still breathing hard. Only von Gratz had changed his occupation and he was sitting at the table smoking a long thin cigar. The Count closed the door, and walked over to the fireplace. . . . "Well, gentlemen," he said quietly, "what have you decided?" It was the American who answered. "It goes. With one amendment. The money is too big for three of us: there must be a fourth. That will be a quarter of a million each." The Count bowed. "Have you any suggestions as to whom the fourth should be?" "Yes," said the American shortly. "These two gentlemen agree with me that it should be another of my countrymen—so that we get equal numbers. The man we have decided on is coming to England in a few weeks—Hiram C. Potts. If you get him in, you can count us in, too. If not, the deal's off."

The Count nodded, and if he felt any annoyance at this unexpected development he showed no sign of it on his face. "I know of Mr. Potts," he answered quickly. "Your big shipping man, isn't he? I agree to your reservation." "Good," said the American. "Let's discuss some details." Without a trace of emotion on his face the Count drew up a chair to the table. It was only when he sat down that he started to play a tattoo on his knee with his left hand. . . . Half an hour later he entered his luxurious suite of rooms at the Hotel Magnificent. A girl, who had been lying by the fire reading a French novel, looked up at the sound of the door. She did not speak, for the look on his face told her all she wanted to know. He crossed to the sofa and smiled down at her. "Successful . . . on our own terms. Tomorrow, Irma, the Comte de Guy dies, and Carl Peterson and his daughter leave for England. A country gentleman, I think, is Carl Peterson. He might keep hens, and possibly pigs." The girl on the sofa rose, yawning. "Mon Dieu! what a prospect! Pigs and hens—and in England! How long is it going to take?" The Count looked thoughtfully into the fire. "Perhaps a year—perhaps six months. . . . It is on the lap of the gods. . . ."

CHAPTER I

In Which He Takes Tea at the Carlton and Is Surprised.

Captain Hugh Drummond, D.S.O., M. C., late of His Majesty's Royal Loamshires, was whistling in his morning bath. Being by nature of a cheerful disposition, the symptom did not surprise his servant, late private of the famous regiment, who was laying breakfast in an adjoining room. After a while the whistling ceased, and the musical gurgle of escaping water announced that the concert was over. It was the signal for James Denny—the square-jawed ex-batman—to disappear into the back regions and get from his wife the kidneys and bacon which that most excellent woman had grilled to a turn. But on this particular morning the invariable routine was broken, James Denny seemed preoccupied, distraught. Once or twice he scratched his head and stared out of the window with a puzzled frown. "What's you looking for, James Denny?" The irate voice of his wife at the door made him look round guiltily. "Them kidneys is ready and waiting these five minutes."

Her eyes fell on the table, and she advanced into the room wiping her hands on her apron.

"Did you ever see such a bunch of letters?" she said. "Forty-five," returned her husband, grimly, "and more to come." He picked up the newspaper lying beside the chair and opened it. "Them's the result of that," he continued cryptically, indicating a paragraph with a square finger, and thrusting the paper under his wife's nose. "Demobilized officer," she read slowly, "finding peace incredibly tedious."



"Demobilized Officer," She Read Slowly, "Finding Peace Incredibly Tedious. Would Welcome Diversion."

He would welcome diversion. Legitimate, if possible; but crime, if of a comparatively humorous description, no objection. Excitement essential. Would be prepared to consider permanent job if suitably impressed by applicant for his services. Reply at once Box X10." She put down the paper on a chair and stared first at her husband and then at the rows of letters neatly arranged on the table. "I call it wicked," she announced at length. "Fair flying in the face of Providence. Crime, Denny—crime. Don't you get 'aving nothing to do with such mad pranks, my man, or you and me will be having words." She shook an admonitory finger at him, and retired slowly to the kitchen. A moment or two later Hugh Drummond came in. Slightly under six feet in height, he was broad in proportion. His best friend would not have called him good-looking, but he was the fortunate possessor of that cheerful type of ugliness which inspires immediate confidence in its owner. He paused as he got to the table and glanced at the rows of letters. "Who would have thought it, James?" he remarked. "Great Scott! I shall have to get a partner."

With disapproval showing in every line of her face, Mrs. Denny entered the room, carrying the kidneys, and Drummond glanced at her with a smile. "Good morning, Mrs. Denny," he said. "Wherefore this worried look on your face? Has that reprobate James been misbehaving himself?" The worthy woman snorted. "He has not, sir—not yet, leniwise. And if so be that he does"—her eyes traveled up and down the back of the hapless Denny, who was quite unnecessarily pulling books off shelves and putting them back again—"if so be that he does," she continued grimly, "him and me will have words—as I've told him already this morning."

She stalked from the room, after staring pointedly at the letters in Drummond's hand, and the two men looked at one another. "It's that there reference to crime, sir, that's torn it," said Denny in a hoarse whisper. "Thinks I'm going to lead you astray, does she, James?" He was opening the first envelope, and suddenly he looked up with a twinkle in his eyes. "Just to set her mind at rest," he remarked gravely, "you might tell her that, as far as I can see at present, I shall only undertake murder in exceptional cases."

He propped the letter up against the toast-rack and commenced his breakfast. "Where is Puddington, James? and one might almost ask—why is Puddington? No town has any right to such an offensive name." He glanced through the letter and shook his head. "Tush! tush! And the wife of the bank manager too—the bank manager of Puddington, James! Can you conceive of anything so dreadful? But I'm afraid Mrs. Bank Manager is a puss—a distinct puss. It's when they get on the soul-mate stunt that the furniture begins to fly."

Drummond tore up the letter and dropped the pieces into the basket beside him. Then he turned to his servant and handed him the remainder of the envelopes. "Go through them, James, while I assault the kidneys, and pick two or three out for me. I see that you will have to become my secretary."

"Do you want me to open them, sir?" asked Denny doubtfully. "You've hit it, James—hit it in one. Classify them for me in groups. Criminal; sporting; anatomy; that means of or pertaining to love; stupid and merely boring; and as a last resort, miscellaneous." He stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "I feel that as a first venture in our new career—ours, I said, James—love appeals to me irresistibly."

Find me a damsel in distress; a beautiful girl, helpless in the clutches of knaves. Let me feel that I can fly to her succor, clad in my new grey suit-ing."

He finished the last piece of bacon and pushed away his plate. Denny was engrossed in a letter he had just opened. A perplexed look was spreading over his face, and suddenly he sucked his teeth loudly. It was a sure sign that James was excited, and Drummond glanced up quickly, and removed the letter from his hands. "I'm surprised at you, James," he remarked severely. "A secretary should control itself. Don't forget that the perfect secretary is an it; an automatic machine—a thing incapable of feeling. . . ."

He read the letter through rapidly, and then, turning back to the beginning, he read it slowly through again. "My dear Box X10,—I don't know whether your advertisement was a joke: I suppose it must have been. But I read it this morning, and it's just possible, X10, just possible, you mean it. And if you do, you're the man I want. I can offer you excitement and probably crime. . . ."

"I'm up against it, X10. For a girl I've bitten off rather more than I can chew. I want help—badly. Will you come to the Carlton for tea tomorrow afternoon? I want to have a look at you and see if I think you are genuine. Wear a white flower in your buttonhole."

Drummond laid the letter down, and pulled out his cigarette case. "Tomorrow, James," he murmured. "That is today—this very afternoon. Verily I believe that we have impinged upon the goods." He rose and stood looking out of the window thoughtfully. "You think it's genuine, sir?" said James.

His master blew out a cloud of smoke. "I know it is," he answered dreamily. "Look at that writing: the decision in it—the character. She'll be medium height, and dark, with the sweetest little nose and mouth. Her coloring James, will be—"

But James had discreetly left the room.

TWO. At four o'clock exactly Hugh Drummond stepped out of his two-seater at the Haymarket entrance to the Carlton. For a few moments after entering the hotel he stood at the top of the stairs outside the dining room, while his eyes traveled round the tables in the lounge below. Slowly and thoroughly he continued his search. It was early, of course, yet, and she might not have arrived, but he was taking no chances. Suddenly his eyes ceased wandering, and remained fixed on a table at the far end of the lounge. Half hidden behind a plant a girl was seated alone, and for a moment she looked straight at him. Then with the faintest suspicion of a smile, she turned away, and commenced drumming on the table with her fingers.

The table next to her was unoccupied and Drummond made his way toward it and sat down.

He felt not the slightest doubt in his mind that this was the girl who had written him, and, having given an order to the waiter, he started to study her face as unobtrusively as possible. He could only see the profile, but that was quite sufficient to make him bless the moment when more as a jest than anything else he had sent his advertisement to the paper.

Her eyes, he could see, were very blue; and great masses of golden brown hair curled over her ears, from under a small black hat. He glanced at her hands, and noted, with approval, the absence of any ring. Then he looked once more at her face, and found her eyes were fixed on him.

This time she did not look away. She seemed to think that it was her turn to conduct the examination and Drummond fumbled in his waistcoat pocket. After a moment he found what he wanted, and taking out a card he propped it against the teapot so that the girl could see what was on it. In large black capitals he had written Box X10.

She spoke almost at once. "You'll do, X10," she said, and he turned to her with a smile.

"It's very nice of you to say so," he murmured. "If I may, I will return the compliment. So will you."

She frowned slightly. "This isn't foolishness, you know. What I said in my letter is literally true. I want you to tell me, and there was no trace of jesting in her voice, 'tell me, on your word of honor, whether that advertisement was bona fide or a joke.'"

He answered her in the same vein. "It started more or less as a joke. It may now be regarded as absolutely genuine."

She nodded as if satisfied. "Are you prepared to risk your life?"

Drummond's eyebrows went up and then he smiled. "Granted that the inducement is sufficient," he returned slowly, "I think I may say that I am."

He saw that she was staring over his shoulder at some one behind his back. "Don't look around," she ordered, "and tell me your name quickly."

"Drummond — Captain Drummond, late of the Loamshires." He leaned back in his chair, and lit a cigarette.

"My dear Phyllis," said a voice behind his back, "this is a pleasant surprise. I had no idea that you were in London."

A tall, clean-shaven man stopped beside the table, throwing a keen glance at Drummond.

"The world is full of such surprises, isn't it?" answered the girl lightly. "I don't suppose you know Captain Drummond, do you? Mr. Lakington—art connoisseur and—er—collector."

The two men bowed slightly, and Mr. Lakington smiled. "I do not remember ever having heard my harm-

less pastimes more concisely described," he remarked suavely. "Are you interested in such matters?" "Not very, I'm afraid," answered Drummond. "Just recently I have been rather too busy to pay much attention to art."

The other man smiled again, and it struck Hugh that rarely, if ever, had he seen such a cold, merciless face.

"Of course you've been to France," Lakington murmured. "Unfortunately, a bad heart kept me on this side of the water. Sometimes I cannot help thinking how wonderful it must have been to be able to kill without fear of consequences. There is art in killing, Captain Drummond—profound art." He looked at his watch and sighed. "Alas! I must tear myself away. Are you returning home this evening?"

The girl, who had been glancing round the restaurant, shrugged her shoulders. "Probably," she answered. "I haven't quite decided. I might stop with Aunt Kate."

"Fortunate Aunt Kate." With a bow Lakington turned away, and through the glass Drummond watched him get his hat and stick from the cloakroom. Then he looked at the girl, and noticed that she had gone a little white.

(Continued Next Week)

DELINQUENT NOTICE

Of the Monarch Mines Company, Principal Place of Business, American Fork, Utah.

NOTICE—There are delinquent on the following described stock on account of an assessment levied on the 22nd day of February, 1921, the several amounts set opposite the respective shareholders names as follows:

Cert No.	Name	Shares	Am't.
323	Helga Johnson	2000	4.00
83	A. Wagstaff	5000	10.00
139	Mrs. Broadwater	1000	2.00
281	Mrs. Broadwater	1000	2.00
117	G. B. Broadwater	2000	4.00
280	G. B. Broadwater	1000	2.00
82	O. Chytrous	5000	10.00
24	J. V. Larson	1000	2.00
155	Hugh Wright	1000	2.00
84	W. E. Ware	3500	7.00
109	Whitehead	2000	4.00
151	H. Shryver	2000	4.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors made on the 22nd day of February, 1921, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold by the secretary, at City Hall, American Fork on Tuesday, April 11, 1921, at 3 o'clock p. m. to pay delinquent assessment, cost of advertising and expense of sale.

E. E. McBRIDE, Secretary.
First Publication, April 2, 1921.
Last Publication, April 9, 1921.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

(Publisher.)
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office, at
Salt Lake City, Utah, March 9, 1921.

Notice is hereby given that Walter G. Smith, of Lehi, Utah, who on October 18, 1915, made Homestead entry No. 016160, for NW 1/4, or Lots 1, 2, E 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 30, Township 6 South, Range 1 East, Salt Lake Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 22nd day of April, 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses:
C. Cartwright of Salt Lake City,
Utah; H. S. Burch of Salt Lake City,
Utah; Ale Blaerman of Pelican Point,
Utah; R. G. Henke, of Lehi, Utah.

GOULD B. BLAKLEY, Register.
First pub. March 12, 1921.
Last pub. April 9, 1921.

NOTICE TO WATER USERS

State Engineer's Office,
Salt Lake City, Utah, Mar. 18, 1921

Notice is hereby given that H. J. Culmer and H. S. Walker of Pleasant Grove, Utah, has made application in accordance with the requirements of the Compiled Laws of Utah, 1917, as amended by the Session Laws of Utah, 1919, to appropriate Eleven Thousandths (.011) of a Sec. Ft. of water from Curley's Spring in Utah County, Salt water will be diverted at a point 320 ft. North and 66 ft. East from the S. W. Corner of Sec. 25, Township 6 South, Range 2 East, Salt Lake Base and Meridian, and conveyed in a pipe line a distance of 7,920 ft. and there used from January 1 to December 31, inclusive, of each year, for domestic purposes. This application is designated in the State Engineer's office as No. 8739.

All protests against the granting of this application, stating the reason therefor, must be made by affidavit in duplicate, accompanied with a fee of \$2.50, and filed in this office within thirty (30) days after the completion of the publication of this notice.

G. F. MCGONAGLE,
State Engineer.

Date of first publication Mar. 26, 1921
Date of completion of publication April 23, 1921.